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HER LOT;

OR, How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNSTON. AUTHOR OF "FATHER BIRD," "ELLEN BROWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MRS. WORMAN'S SPIRITS," "MADAME MORGANSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER III.

The customs of advanced civilization admit of but one thing, something shall be taught the rising generation concerning the laws of physiology. But even the present standard, so far in advance of the ideas of half a century ago, falls infinitely short of the depths of practical, scientific knowledge so necessary to the understanding of nature's most important laws.

My husband was what the world called a scholar. He could compute the distances and density of the planets, theorize upon the component elements of the sun, speculate upon the ether of infinitude, and talk learnedly, even then, of molecular action. He understood navigation and engineering perfectly. He was a poet, too, of no mean order, and had turned his head to authorship, he would have made a Motley or a Gibbon.

I worshipped him. By his side I shrank into a satellite of the sixtieth magnitude. The beautiful clothes with which he had adorned my person were gifts of his bounty. And what had I brought him in return?

In my innocence and self-abnegation, I counted my unselfish abandonment to his behests as taught; and yet, long before we had reached Melbourne, I was a nervous, discontented, unhappy creature, jealous without reason, and fractious without apparent cause. What did it all mean?

Ab, I understand it now; and would to heaven the world were ready to have the truths of my bitterly bought experience so plainly taught to its children that none might ignorantly err in regard to all that is most important for humanity to know.

But I am talking quite too much about myself. Let us take a peep at my neighbors.

Elder Chalmers was a Presbyterian minister of Calvinistic ideas and Scotch proclivities. He was a tall, erect gentleman, with a narrow head, and a prominent bridge to his nose. His beard was always kept short, stiff, and bristly, as though it were occasionally clipped with the scissors, and it was of a salt and peppery cast, half gray and half black, that corresponded exactly with the struggling, bristle-like locks, that he combed upward, in imitation of a window brush. I have seen handsomer men in my time.

Mrs. Chalmers was a dainty blonde, some twenty years her husband's junior. She was a bride, too, and the contrast between her lord and herself was as great as that between my own grand match and me.

Elder Chalmers had buried one wife and eleven children in the bogs of Ireland, where he had labored for thirty years in the ministry. He was an austere man, who was never seen to smile. His young wife, poor thing, was naturally brilliant, fond of a laugh, and full of little pranks, very natural and very becoming in a person of joyous disposition. But the Elder's missionary work on board ship was almost wholly directed to the cure of every semblance of humor, especially upon the part of his wife. He rarely rebuked me for levity, though, in truth, he did not have very frequent occasion, for I was as a fish out of water. My native element was not of the learned order, and here we had Demosthenes for breakfast, Dante for lunch, Angelo and Raphael for dinner, and Byron, Scott, Moore, and hosts of other English lights for side dishes.

While I grew petulant, Mrs. Chalmers grew depressed. We often went on deck of a fine day, when the ship was becalmed in the tropics, where we would spend hours in silent reverie. Not that we had nothing to talk about; but each was too wary to confide in the other. We learned better in the after years.

The Reverend Mr. Motley was a clergyman of the established church. He was a young gentleman of aristocratic ideas, the third son of an eminent bishop, who had failed to find him a living in England, and had consequently sent him with his wife upon a mission to the jungles of Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Motley seemed a well-matched couple. They were neither old nor young, both were healthy, hopeful, and handsome; and I had not been a bride three days before I would have been willing to barter the wealth of India, had it been mine, for the ease and freedom with which the wife conversed with her learned husband upon the most abstruse subjects.

The six of us should have been a most congenial set, and I felt that but for me the others would have been well matched, upon the score of intellectual affinity. I think this knowledge, or fancy, if such it was, had much to do with my timidity, and it certainly enhanced my awkwardness.

The conversation turned, one dining

hour, upon the relative merits of Scott, Burns, and Byron, whom all intellectual Europe had been discussing for a time, but of whom I had seldom heard, except in a vague, uncertain way, that had given me no practical information. My father was always too deeply immersed in the bread, rent, and potato question to provide his humble home with periodicals and even a newspaper was a luxury seldom indulged. It was strange that I had learned to read; but it had been my mother's doing. Heaven bless her memory.

"Was Byron an inventor?" I asked, innocently, as we sat at table. Elder Chalmers coughed, Mr. Motley laughed, Gerald, my own incomparable prodigy of erudition, blushed, and I felt as if I had committed a breach of propriety thoroughly unpardonable, but to me wholly misunderstood.

I burst into tears and left the table. It was seven bells, but in the longitude where we lay becalmed the long day was not yet waning. I wandered aft to the little awning where Mrs. Chalmers and I had often sat, and leaning my head upon the railing, wept immoderately. I looked for Gerald to come and join me. Not that I felt I deserved the attention, for I was painfully conscious of my own unworthiness; but he had made so many precious, precious promises to love, protect, and cherish me that I believed it was his sacred duty to fulfill his vows. I waited long, but he did not come. I sobbed myself into a state of extreme exhaustion, and then lay against the railing, hushed and still, but desperately resolved upon suicide.

What a state of mind for a child of fifteen, ignorant of herself, ignorant of books, married, desperately in love with a man beside whom she felt herself a pigmy, and, withal, destined in the coming months to be a mother.

"Don't worry over your mistake, little woman," said Mrs. Chalmers, coming up so softly that I had not noticed her approach. "Older persons have betrayed greater ignorance; and I sometimes listen to your artless, natural way of stating facts that ought to be patent to the whole world and are not, and I wish the learned ones were half as wise as yourself."

"Will you say that before Gerald?" "Ah, me! it was a terrible humiliation that prompted me to make a request like that."

"I have said it, you dear little budget of innocence. And let me tell you, here and now, my child-woman, that it is your duty to assert yourself. Your husband is a walking epitome of knowledge, and so is mine. You are ignorant of many things, and so am I. But I have considerable knowledge of books, while you have much understanding of the primal laws of nature. Let us instruct each other."

"I instruct you? O, Mrs. Chalmers!" "Yes, dear."

"But I do not know anything!" "On the contrary, you are a prodigy!" "Now you are teasing me!" "I never was more thoroughly in earnest in my life."

With this she patted me gently on the cheek and kissed me so tenderly that I could not doubt her.

"What can I teach you, pray?" I asked, wonderingly.

"You can renew the fresh, crisp, natural ideas that God has implanted in every human soul, which the glamor of a conventional education has encrusted with artificial nonsense. Like you, I used to muse and ponder much over the divine rights of kings, nobles, priests, and magistrates. I used to wonder and inquire why it was that nineteenth-century of the people must be kept in ignorance and toil, to support the fractional twentieth in luxury and idleness. You don't talk much in the presence of your husband, but you often speak like an oracle when you are alone with me."

I was getting interested. Was it possible that anybody could discover intellectual truth and power in an unlettered child like me?

"Now, dearie," continued my friend, "I want you to read authors, poets, and critics, and study them carefully, thoroughly. Then I want your opinion of them. You have an original way of stating, comparing, and expressing thoughts that is more refreshing and instructive than you imagine. But remember to always assert yourself in the presence of your husband."

"Then I should say—you will pardon me—physician, heal thyself!" Mrs. Chalmers blushed and laughed, and then grew serious and confiding.

"The Elder is a different style of gentleman from the Captain, dear. He bases his austerity upon religious grounds, and he absolutely forces me with his piety, even in the tropics. Sometimes I fear that I shall learn to hate pious people."

"O, Mrs. Chalmers! And God is so good, too!" "Then why doesn't he answer prayer?" "He does."

"Then I should like some evidence of it."

"Why, only a day or two before I left home, when I was busy raking hay in my father's meadow, I prayed the Lord to send me a hare for my mother's supper, and he answered me. He sent me a husband, too, in answer to prayer."

"And I, too, prayed, with a different result, dearie. I prayed the Lord to soften my father's heart, that he might give me in marriage to the man I loved.

I prayed in faith, too, nothing doubting, but to no purpose." "Why, Mrs. Chalmers! Don't you love your husband?"

An expression of pain, akin to mortal agony overspread her expressive, dimpled, baby face, and then changed and settled into a look of apathetic endurance.

"We are commanded to love our husbands, and I shall ever strive to obey the teachings of my religion," she answered, evasively.

I believe I have said already that I, at times, see visions; but I do not pretend to understand their philosophy.

I was lolled listlessly upon the seat beside the vessel's railing, swayed at intervals by the gentle motion of the billows, and listening with closed eyes to my friend's conversation. For an instant I saw what at the time seemed to me unutterable things. I forgot that I was on ship board. The undulations of the ocean seemed only as billows of air. I felt myself floating as upon invisible wings, and in a little while I paused, suspended over Bothwick castle. The sun was sinking like a copper ball beneath a smoke-laden sky. Lord Bothwick stood within the turret, looking intently out beyond the low reef of mountains that border the lochs of Scotland, where I knew my mother had spent her merry childhood. Soon a maiden emerged from the wood, and in the approaching twilight sought the castle garden, where a servant met her.

I seemed to see through walls and trees as though they were crystals; and I felt even more than I could see. The man and maiden met within the turret and exchanged eternal vows. Then a shadow, as of a black cloud, intervened. For a time all was blank, and I was sensible only of a floating sensation, as though borne again upon the air.

The scene changed, and the heavens wept. I entered the parish church by a simple effort of the will, and gazed about me. A white-haired man was leading a maiden to the marriage altar. Nature was in convulsions. Thunder and lightning raged, and the rain fell in torrents. I listened to the marriage formula that seemed like a burial service, and to the subsequent climbing of the bells that sounded like a death knell. Again I gazed at the bride and groom. I screamed involuntarily, and the effort brought me back to the government ship and all surrounding realities.

"What's the matter, dearie? Have you been asleep?" asked Mrs. Chalmers, bending over me in love and sympathy.

"You love Lord Bothwick," I replied, as involuntarily as I had screamed. "She—s—s—s!" she said, putting her finger on her lip. "Mr. Chalmers is jealous of my lord already."

"Then if he thinks you prefer my lord to him, why does he wish to intrude his presence upon you?" I asked, with more of the fire of my childhood than I had exhibited since becoming a wife.

"Don't ask, dearie. You've probed a secret that I would die to conceal, but your confidence will do me good."

"I know it all," I answered, "and we needn't talk about it at all. But oh, my! How I pity you!"

"Why?" "Oh, nothing; only I was thinking how awful it would be if some other person should have married Gerald, or I had been compelled to be the wife of another. I couldn't and wouldn't live and bear it."

"You can't always die when you want to, child. But see; yonder come the gentlemen."

My husband bowed to Mrs. Chalmers, who moved away with her serious-voiced lord, and assisting me to rise, offered me his arm for a promenade. How I did long for a repetition of the old tenderness by which he had captured me. But he was dignified, and, to my inexperienced thought, severe.

"You have had miserable opportunities for culture, little wife, and I earnestly request you to keep a still tongue in your head during future table conversations," he said, abruptly.

"I know I'm a fool, Gerald, but you know it also before you married me," I replied, breaking away from him, and turning my back, with my arms folded.

Had he been a suitor for my hand, he would have made effort then and there to reconcile me to himself if he had cared to retain his hold upon my affections. But I was his wife, and now it was my lot to do the wooing. Yet he was ten years my senior, and should have been ten years wiser and better than I.

"It is also my will that you cease your present intimate relations with Mrs. Chalmers. A wife must never have another confidant besides her husband, Mr. Chalmers expects it, too; and I want you, as my wife, to preserve a little dignity. There is evidence of familiarity with the servants which I must also rebuke."

The blood of the Graemes was instantly at fever heat. I stamped my foot in the very impotence of rage.

"Gerald Grey, master of the ship 'Bellevue,' inspector of Her Majesty's floating property, and unlawful captor of Donald Graeme's daughter, you are my husband, but you shall not be my master! I shall do as I please."

The look of blank amazement that overspread my husband's face was ludicrous.

I laughed hysterically.

"You knew I was a country peasant

girl, the daughter of a poor farmer; and you married me with your eyes open. Now make the best of it!" I said, joining Elder and Mrs. Chalmers, and finding the former denunciate and the latter in tears.

"The Captain and I have elected that you two ladies are to have no more private conversations, as I suppose your husband has informed you," said the missionary.

"He said so, sir, and I told him I would do as I liked. And if Mrs. Chalmers has a grain of common sense she'll do likewise," I replied, still uncontrollably angry.

I know, good reader, that all this seems very naively to you. It was but a few hours until it appeared inexpressibly wicked to me. But let me analyze a little. You know how I loved my husband, and how he fairly took my heart by storm with his promises to love and cherish; and you know how his conduct disappointed me. Child as I was, I would have been more than human, or endowed with less than average sensibility, had I kept my temper.

Elder Chalmers led his wife away. Gerald strode indignantly away toward the forecastle, and when I saw him again it was in our state-room, after midnight, and he was hopelessly, helplessly drunk.

"See what comes of womanly disobedience!" said the Elder, purposely raising his voice till I could not help but hear him.

Ab, me! if I had had the wisdom then that long experience brings! But it was not so to be.

(To be continued.)

A Light in the Window.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen, steadily as constant care could make it, always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view, and were safe; but but one thing to interfere with it, and that was the rock. How far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the rock woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or, perhaps, years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient waiter within.

CULTIVATE FAMILY AFFECTION.—I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as the farmer in the autumn, with his cellar full, with every preparation made for the winter, with the prospects of three months of comfort and rest, three months of solid comfort. Make your houses comfortable. Do not juggle together in a little room around a red stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned air, and then when one of your children dies get a piece of the paper commencing with, "Whereas, it has pleased Providence to remove from our midst—"

Have plenty of air and warmth. Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Treat them with infinite kindness. There is no happiness in the house not filled with love; where a man hates his wife, or the wife her husband, or where the parents dislike their children. Every such home is simply a hell upon earth. There is no reason why farmers should not be refined and kind. There is nothing in the cultivation of the soil to make men cross, crabbed, and unjust. To look upon the sunny earth, covered with daisies, does not tend to make men cruel. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves elevates himself; no matter whether he works in the shop or plows in the field. Let me say to farmers, do all you can to make your business attractive.—Bob. Ingersoll.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The most interesting episode of the session thus far occurred on the 23d ult., and was a most refreshing relief from the ordinary monotony of that chamber. Under an act of Congress each State is authorized to place in the old hall of Representatives, now called Memorial Hall, two statues of its deceased citizens. Maine recently sent the statue of Governor Wm. King, and Mr. Blaine, in offering the resolution that it be accepted, made the customary eulogistic remarks of the deceased citizen so honored by this State. He, however, went a step beyond the mere eulogy, and attacked Massachusetts upon her past record, and charged not only disloyalty at various times to the general government, but held her responsible for the Ashburton treaty of 1842, through which Maine lost not only a large slice of her domain, but reduction of power and prestige which was assented to at that time by Maine under a moral compulsion that would have to be physical if tried again. This, of course, brought the Massachusetts Senators to their feet in spirited reply, and for an hour or two we had an exciting encounter. The galleries were crowded with enthusiastic listeners, who applauded every thrust made by the gladiators, and the skillful attack and defense of Mr. Blaine reminded us of some of his fights in the House when he led the Republican forces there against the Democrats. This is his first tournament, and it was a gallant one. We have heretofore regarded him as buried so deeply by Senatorial etiquette and frigidities that we feared nothing ever would occur to resurrect him. But on this occasion he showed us his teeth again, and gave us a refreshing ripple on the placid stream of Senate legislation. In the House such tilts are so common that we often feel nothing is being done unless some trio of members are having an intellectual duel in the rough and tumble fashion of this one in the Senate, which so disturbed the chilling Dombeyian proprieties of that chamber.

Mr. Glover, chairman of the House investigating committee which is to sift the departments, has requested the President to render assistance in reaching persons and papers. This, of course, was promised, and the guarantee given to employes and clerks that no one should be discharged in consequence of testifying to any fact. We have no idea that anything special will be unearthed by the committee, because the frauds have never become general. Large sums of money have been stolen at various times, and such frauds as the Witouisky, Fort Sugg, and others, have depleted the Treasury in many thousand dollars. Yet in each instance one or two clerks connived with outsiders to defraud, just as the servant may with a burglar in a private bank. One C. H. Moulton, a clerk in the second auditor's office years ago, colluded with a member of Congress, and the government was robbed of \$30,000 by them through a fraudulent muster roll. This member had Congress authorize payment upon this roll, and then through Moulton he had his fraud perfected into payment. Yet in this and all similar cases the department cannot be justly charged with the fraud. Moulton alone could be held responsible, for corrupt men creep into every place of trust. He was discharged, and by the way, is reaping his reward at last. He figured largely here since then as a real estate agent, and last year ran off with over \$50,000 belonging to those who trusted him. Now he is being brought back as a thief from London, where he was lately arrested under a reward offered the English detectives for his apprehension, and we have hopes he will get his just deserts.

Miss Bertha Van Hiller lately walked eighty-nine miles in twenty-six hours without sleep, and taking only about three hours of the twenty-six for rest and refreshment. Our Old Fellows' Hall was fitted up with a track for her, and so short was it, that she had to go around it twenty-four times to complete a mile, thus rendering the feat all the more difficult. We watched it with intense interest throughout, as it partook of the impossible to us, for in all our campaigning of the past we were proud in walking one-third the distance accomplished by her. She has a quick, nervous, springy step, which enables her to walk a mile in from twelve to fifteen minutes quite easily, but it seems incredible to men who have marched for weeks at a time, and by dint of hardest work got over thirty miles of ground, that a slight, spare woman of medium height should, with less fatigue, plod on in unyielding, vigorous steps for eighty-nine miles. She will attempt to walk one hundred miles in twenty-eight hours, and we doubt not will succeed. She goes on the streets and attends all public gatherings, attracting universal attention.

Washington, D. C., January 25, 1878.

"Silence in the court!" thundered a Kentucky judge, the other day. "Half-a-dozen men have been convicted already without the court having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in other pursuits.

Truth is never in a hurry, but a lie is always on the jump.

The Man in the Moon.

Among the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon. In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but in our country he is given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots, he had cut off and laid in his basket and went home. According to one version the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking, or with the theft, the man stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed, "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon!" After his death, this fate befel him, and he remains to this day, condemned to endure a long and painful punishment. The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spell-bound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he would be punished by the foresters. But he had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty himself. After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath day holy, God said he must be punished; but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or to the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and thus the "Bee-man" or "Bee-man" came into the moon with his bag on his back.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen a great number of chickens, while at Hemer, in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good Friday, and had just piled a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not inhabited by a man with his thorn-bush and pitch-fork, but likewise by a woman as charming. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the man fencing his field, and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine worship.

All nations seem to have a common desire to account for the spots in the moon.

According to the Hindus, Chandras, the god of the moon, bears a hare in his arms.

The Mongolians also believe the spots represent a hare. One of their deities transformed himself into a hare in order to feed a starving wayfarer, and in honor of this act of virtue, the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon.

The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend. When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he one day lost his way in a forest, and after long wanderings, he met a hare, who thus addressed him: "I can help thee. Do thou take the right hand path, and I will guide thee out of the wilderness."

"I thank thee," returned Buddha, "but I am poor and starving, and an unable to require thy kindness." "If thou art hungry," replied the hare, "light a fire, kill and eat me."

Buddha lighted a fire as desired, and the hare immediately leaped in; but Buddha now displaced his supernatural powers, and fearing the hare would be roasted, he placed it in the moon, where he still resides. This story is related by a French traveler in Ceylon, and he adds that his telescope was once borrowed by the natives, who could not do enough to scoop up the water and pour it on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

We now come to the superstitions attached to the power of the moon, and prominent among them is the idea that no work may be undertaken in moonshine. The Swabian people consider it a great sin to spin or knit by moonlight, and those who do so are punished by day. That is the reason why the moon does not give sufficient light for any work. Whoever ventures to spin, for example, weaves a rope for the neck of some relation, or makes a shawl for a child, illustrating the danger of transgressing this rule.

A poor woman at Breckenheim, in Swabia, earned her livelihood by spinning, and her diligence was so great that she spent whole nights at her distaff; in order to save the expense of oil, she never lighted her lamp when there was a full moon. As she sat thus spinning in the moonshine, and the church clock was tolling the hour of midnight, the door opened and a strange man entered. He had his arms full of distaffs, and said: "If thou dost not spin all these full this night, it will be all over with thee."

With these words he vanished, leaving the woman in a terrible fright. Luckily she thought herself of merely spinning the distaffs once over, and in this way she accomplished her task before daybreak. The stranger, who was the evil one himself, reappeared at the appointed time and silently took the spindles away with him. But never again did the woman spin by moonlight.

Schonwerth says that the peasants of the Upper Palatinate never leave their carts or agricultural implements out of doors when the moon is shining, as its beams would break them. For the same reason, lines must not be left hanging in the moonshine, and superstitious folks always warn their friends against sleeping in the moonlight, and bathing or drinking from any fountain or well on which the rays of the moon fall. It is also unsafe to dance by moonlight, because the surface of the earth is then as thin as a cobweb, and the spirits underground are lured upward by the music. The moon is likewise said to decay of fish and meat, and even to blunt the edge of razors.

Friendship is the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; it is the source of animation and repose.

Those who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean the riches and preferment of others.

Pressing business—Cider-making.

Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

A Good Temperance Tale.

From Ohio comes a capital temperance story. Judge Quay, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts there, got off the following:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statement." "Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the Judge.

"I am." "How long have you drank in moderation?" "Forty years."

"And you were never intoxicated?" "Never." "Well," remarked the Judge, scanning the subject from head to foot, "yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A negro man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whisky, set out to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and lay helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish, very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the darkey to make it. He resolved to have a look at him, and he might learn his name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and lay helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish, very unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the darkey to make it. He resolved to have a look at him, and he might learn his name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a negro neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. 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